

## *This iBelieve Essays*

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### **The Hope after the Storm (of Emotions)**

**by Luke Gilmore**

When I was at the learning age of ten, I had (and still I do) a dog by the name of Luna. She is a hyperactive three-year-old Portuguese water dog who wasn't afraid of anything. Well, that's what she thought. One fateful day I was walking her through the park, then suddenly she was spooked by something I couldn't see and my grip on her leash was loose. So when she pulled from me I lost my grip and she took off in the other direction. I sprinted after her, but I quickly ran out of energy and she got away

I had been looking for Luna for an hour, and I had a constant feeling of sadness that couldn't be quenched. I cried as I ran around looking for her frantically, but she was nowhere to be found. I ran and sobbed into my hands, crying, "Where are you, Luna? Please come back, please." As I cried, I kept on thinking about the worst possible situations that Luna could be in; it only just made me feel worse. I felt like the odds of finding Luna were at least 1,000,000 to 1 in massive Riverside Park. For this painful hour looking in Riverside Park, in my entire ten-year-old life this was the first time I experienced loss of something precious and it hurt as much as any physical pain I have experienced, and soon my hour of searching turned to two

During the next hour of my search for Luna, my sorrow boiled into anger and I was furious at myself and everything that was going on today. She wouldn't have gotten lost if I had a better grip on her leash, and she wouldn't have been lost if she hadn't run away from me. I ran around more and more and my anger was booming with every step that hit the ground. People thought I was crazy as I shouted, "WHYYYYYYYY?!" as I ran around. No one was helping me to find Luna, and I was all alone in this situation, and I wasn't going to receive any help. My emotions were brutally splashing in my body and no ten-year-old should ever feel this way. I was helpless and I couldn't run from my situation. I had lost all hope for finding my dog and all was lost.

I sat on a bench with no energy in my body, unable to move or think of anything positive, I felt like I lost and I couldn't win; there was nothing left to do but go home and tell my mother that I had lost Luna. Somehow, when I was walking home with my head hanging low, my ten-year-old mind told me to put one last effort of pure hope into my body. I shook away the thought and continued to walk, and the thought kept coming back and pestered me. Finally I gave in and I decided to hope for one more time and nothing happened. I sadly walked home. I heard a bark and jingling of a dog collar that suddenly gave me hope as I glanced back and I saw the big fluff of a black-and-white dog running at me. I found Luna, or she found me, but I like to say I found her. Maybe it was the same thing that scared my dog that put the idea in my head to teach me a lesson, but I know that hope can help.